SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Time's Changes.

BY THE LATE WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
That, like a blossom just unfolding,
She open'd to Life's cloudless air,
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding;
Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
Her rose bud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing.
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor!
For in her mein, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Nought could the raptured gazer trace
But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm—
But still of magic richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seem'd to live but in each other:—
But matron cares, or lurking woe,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd woe
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had arrayed her,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As even my reveries pourtray'd her;
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf
Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled forever!
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was tender hearted,—
And, when I mused on later days,
As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty,—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

THE CLOCK-CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

I held a lieutenant's commission in His Majesty's army, and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the earth, for while I write this my grave is digging and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal, for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us, and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way, but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarrelled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since, must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her, she haunted me, her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bed-side and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of the child's death it should pass to my wife as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me deploring our long separation, and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children, and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit, and always mistrusted me.

I can hardly fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought, but I marked him looking at me: not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead, but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the last day—then drawing nearer and nearer and losing something of its horror and improbability—then coming to be part and parcel, nay nearly the whole sum and substance of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal up stairs and watch him as he slept, but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks, and there as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree: starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket-knife, a rough model of a boat, which finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind and he singing—God have mercy upon me!—singing a merry ballad—who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud: it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me—not that he did—and then I saw him running back toward the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead—dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep—in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him—very gently now that he was dead—in a thicket. My wife was from home that day and would not return until the next. Our bed-room window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lay waste since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glow-worm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did—with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bed-room window all day long, and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account as the traces of my spade were less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept—not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand and now a foot and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done I crept to bed again, and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again—which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought that the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the grass, was as plain to me—its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all—as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in: when he had passed I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or sound, how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever, but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now, without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well—that she was not obliged to keep her chamber—that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked hurriedly if he supposed that—and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he, looking mildly at me. "Oh, no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" *I* could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better, but I held my peace, and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found—great cheer that was for me—when we heard a low, deep howl, and presently there sprung over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Blood-hounds!" cried my visiters.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were, and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper. What noble animals they are!"

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who, with their noses to the ground, moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down, and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again, and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move," said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles's name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle they got me quietly between them, and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth, and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees and with chattering teeth confessed the truth, and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!

I Stood by the Grave.

I stood by the grave, and the dark night came
From its evening couch of faded flame;
The blue stars shed their silver ray
On a form more brief and pale than they;
I stood on the grave, and I thought how soon
From its sleep I should welcome the lady moon.

The ivy shook, as the wild bat fled
On its path of night, o'er the voiceless dead;
The willows waved on the sullen blast
That sadly across the old tombs passed;
And weeping over my kindred clay,
I stood by the grave where my fathers lay.

I stood by the grave, 'mid the wailing moans
That whispered over the bleaching bones;
I stood by the grave, 'mid the flowers that grew
Rank and wild amidst [illegible] dew;
I stood by the grave, and I wished that the breeze
Should thus blow on me, when I slept like these!

I stood by the grave and my young heart felt
Its hopes and its fears together melt;
How the bliss of life which I loved so well
Had vanished, I could not, I could not tell;
But I felt that my spirit soon should be
Straying in light through heaven's blue sea.

I stood by the grave, and I turned away
From all that on earth could woo my stay;
In the diademed world my place was high!
'Mid the [illegible] of heart and the bright of eye;
But I felt that I soon should leave them all
For the charnel's feast and the death worm's hall.

Oh! there are many, and kind and gay,
Who will weep my spirit when passed away;
And they will think how I have been
Thoughtless as aught of their thoughtless scene;
Yet I stood by the grave, and I only sighed
For the hour that should tell them—that I had died!

I deemed that my manhood, one violet path
Of life may have, as my boyhood hath;
But a festering curse has blighted me
Ere the blossom had dropped from the withered tree;
Still I stood by the grave, and wished that I
In its putrid bed could meekly lie.

I stood by the grave—a single hour—
And methought 'twould make a pleasant bower
For willow, and cypress, and rosemary,
A chaplet fresh should weave for me,
And my nuptial feast the worms should share,
Quaffing their draughts from the white skulls there!

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.
Duke.—Oh sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.
Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion. —Measure for Measure.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praise-worthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part picked up the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little, grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and, among the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends among whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls or title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice—insure your life for a few thousand; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance office where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the Inquisition, among which the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses that would smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in the hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in formation for such a project. In vain did the Board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as an eel itself.—Alas! they were first ordered into an adjacent room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer that met any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest gintleman in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No—the rheumatiz,—nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was kilt in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all kilt in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, niver fear; I'm the swatest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which isn't often."

"What, sir, can you drink a little?"

"Three bottles—and aisy."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face, and look appoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Divil a bit, sir. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles—"

"Never mind that. I dont mean to drink more than a battle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose among the directors respecting this gentleman's elegibility. The words "row," and "three bottles" rang hurry-scurry around the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to shew herself to be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I "twenty thousand pounds, and a widow!"

"Ah, madam," observed the chairman "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some farther transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I steppe boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. ——, a very particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of the dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes toward me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one, "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another, "not likely to be knocked in a row."

"Strong, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third, "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be further examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a fault in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman say that I was warrented sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed out-right. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" enquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand the lady in the carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in —— street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity of your doing all this?"

"My wife will most likely make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty, disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance you have bought of me against the purchase money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said the cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust at the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves.—The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vaces presented nothing but heart's-ease and love lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants, and I would have given the world to have appeared a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen year's purchase.—Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Gray," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus!" I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognise me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologise and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence, and the East Indies, liver complaints, and Life Insurance with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and paprster-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention my father or his promising little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Oh, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Gray and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-de' œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest, too, as they say in the Insurance Office!" The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty upon stilts; but put us on fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new Poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalised, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away until I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eyes sedulously upon the pavement to be sure that the coal holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over.—When I arrived I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going on a trading voyage to New Holland. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow-fever, or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite; my anecdote of New Holland irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves until it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogised my modesty till it was well nigh burned into a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate allusion to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took it upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so. What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor swindling, disreputable vagabond, ——— but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped from her knee.

* * * * * * *

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend the lawyer.

Dear Sir,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a trader to New Holland, you may rely on my interest there.

From the Pennsylvania German.

Lay of The Imprisoned Knight.

From the German of Goethe.

KNIGHT

Ah! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower
Or bind her floating hair.
And in these dreary walls I pine,
Or I would make the treasure mine.
But be it squire, or be it knight
Who brings it here to me,
Behold this jewel blazing bright.

THE ROSE

Beneath thy grated window's seat
Beneath thy castle wall,
I bloom and lay kindred sweet,
The sweetest of them all.
And surely, then, Sir Knight, 'tis I
For whom thy wishes long,
For whom they draw the weary sigh,
For whom they wake the song.

KNIGHT

To thee, when vernal zephyrs blow
The sweetest breath was given;
The brightest hue that decks the bow
That spans the arch of heaven.
Thy tints may bloom on beauty's brow
As radiant as her own;
But, lovely rose, it is not thou
For whom I make my moan.

THE LILY

Her haughty glance the rose may cast
O'er all the subject plain;
The lily's humbler charms surpass'd
The pomp of Judah's reign.
Each heart where virtuous passions rise
And chaste emotions lie,
May learn, Sir Knight, like you, to prize
The flower of purity.

KNIGHT

This heart is pure, this hand is clear,
I boast them free from stain;
Yet while one beats in prison here,
The other's might is vain.
And, lovely flower, the image thou
Of virgin beauty's form—
But, ah! thy drooping petals bow
Before December's storm.

THE CARNATION

The warder of this haughty tower
Has rear'd me into day;
And well the proud carnation flower
The cares of man repay.
In Flora's thousand glories dressed
My varied petals bloom,
And well the loaded gales attest
Their burdens of perfume.

KNIGHT

Yes, foster'd by the care of man
In sunshine or in shade,
The peasant rears thee as he can,
Or views thee droop and fade.
A flower which fears not winter's harms,
The ills that wait on you,
Of lowly and of native charms,
My wishes still pursue.

VIOLET

From the far covert of the grove
All humble I inspire;
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love,
Thy weary search is o'er.
No peasant's hand may e'er invade
To culture or to kill,
To shelter of the wild wood's shade
That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT

Thy modest beauties well I prize,
Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
And of their azure hue.
Not on the mountain's shelving side
Nor in the cultured ground,
Not in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.
Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom,
Has fixed its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb
It says Forget-me-not.
And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower
Or bind her floating hair.

THE HUSBAND, WIFE, AND LOVER.

A True Story of the Orient.

BY MISS PARDOE.

An eminent merchant of Stamboul, extremely wealthy, and considerably past the middle age, became the husband of a very young and lovely woman. As Turkish females never see the individual whom they wish to marry previous to the ceremony, but are chosen by some matronly relation of the person who finds it expedient to bestow himself on a wife, and who having seen and approved the lady, arranges all preliminaries with her parents; so it may well be imagined that the bride is frequently far from congratulating herself on her change of position, and such, as it would appear from the result, was the case with the young wife to whom I have just referred, and who was destined to become the heroine of a frightful tragedy.

Two years passed over Fatima Hanoum, and she became the mother of a son; but her heart was not with its father, and unhappily for the weak victim of passion and disappointment, it had found a resting place elsewhere.

The merchant's house was situated near a mosque, from the gallery of whose minaret all the windows of the harem were overlooked. The sun was setting on a glorious summer evening, when the Imaum ascended to this gallery to utter the shrill cry of the muezzin, which summons the faithful to prayer. Ere he commenced the invocation, he chanced to glance downward, and he started, as he beheld a man, cling to a shawl which had been flung from above, and making his way into the harem of the merchant through an open window. Nor was this all, for the quick and jealous eye of the Imaum at once assured him that the delinquent was a Greek—that the wife of a Mussulman had stooped to accept the love of a Christian—and he well knew that, in such a case, there was no mercy for the culprit.

The Imaum was a stern man; for one moment only he wavered; and during that moment he raised the ample turban from his brow, and suffered the cool evening breeze to breathe lovingly upon his temples; in the next, he bent over the railings of the gallery, and spate upon the earth, as he murmured to himself, "The dog of an infidel—may his father's grave be defiled!—May his mother eat dirt!"—and having so testified his contempt and abhorrence of the ill-fated lover, he lifted his gaze to the clear sky, and the ringing cry pealed out—"La Allah, illa Allah! Muhamed Resoul Allah!"

His duty over, the Imaum descended the dark and narrow stair of the minaret, and left the mosque, and in another instant he had put off his slippers at the entrance of the salemlick, and stood before the sofa, at the upper end of which sat the merchant, smoking his chibouk of jassamine wood, and attended by two slaves.

The Turks are not fond husbands, but they are jealous ones. They are watchful of their women not because they love them, but because they are anxious for their own honor; and no instance can be adduced in which an Osmauli is wilfully blind to the errors of his wife.

Here the offence was not to be forgiven. The young and beautiful Fatima Hanoum had wronged him by loving a Greek! The grey-bearded merchant, trembling between rage and grief, rose from his seat and rushed into the harem. The tale was true—for one moment the aged and unrelenting husband looked upon the young and handsome lover, and in the next the agile Greek had flung up the lattice and sprung from the open window. Ere long the house was filled with the relatives of the wife, and its spacious apartments were loud with anguish and invective; but Fatima Hanoum answered neither to the sobbing of grief nor to the reproach of scorn; she sat doubled up upon her cushions, with her eyes rivetted on the casement by which her lover escaped.

The merchant stung to the heart, embittered in spirit by the knowledge that his rival was a Christian, and not altogether forgetful, it may be of the grace and beauty of the mother of his child, sat moodily apart, and all the reasonings and beseechings of his wife's anxious family only wrung from him the unyielding answer that he would never see her more.

And the heretic lover, where was he?

Like an arrow shot by a strong arm, he had sped to the home of his widowed mother, and had hurriedly imparted to her the fearful jeopardy in which he stood. There was not a moment to be lost; and hastily snatching up some food that had been prepared for his evening meal, he flung himself upon the neck of his weeping parent, and then, disengaging himself from her clinging arms, rushed from the house, no one knew whither.

But the Imaum meanwhile was not idle. He had aroused the neighborhood—he had raised the cry of sacrilege—he had bruited abroad the injury of the Moslem—and ere long a Turkish guard was on the track of the young Greek.—But no trace of him could be discovered, and the fair Hanoum was removed to the harem of one of her husband's relatives, where her every look and action were subjected to the most rigorous observance, before the faintest hope had been entertained of securing her miserable lover.

Three wretched days were past, and on the morning of the fourth the pangs of hunger became too mighty for the youth to support. He stole from his concealment, he looked around him, and he was alone! He ventured a few paces forward; rich fruits were pendant from the branches of the tall trees beneath which he moved, and he seized them with avidity; but, as he raised his hand a second time to the laden boughs, he heard near him the deep breathing of one who wept. He glanced toward the spot whence the sound came, and his heart melted within him. It was his mother! the guardian of his youth, the friend of his manhood, the mourner over his blighted hopes. He rushed toward her, he murmured her name, and for a moment the parent and child forgot all, save each other! It was the watchful love of the mother which first awoke to fear; and in a few seconds the secret of her son was confided to her, and she was comparatively happy. She could steal to his hiding place at midnight; she could insure him against hunger; she could hear his voice, and convince himself that he yet lived; and with this conviction she hurried from his side, and bade him wait patiently yet a few hours, when she would bring him food.

The young Greek stole back to his hiding place, and slept. The sleep of the wretched is heavy—slow to come, and weighing down with wild and bitter dreams; and thus slumbered the criminal. The night was very dark when he awoke and heard footsteps, and then he doubted not that his watchful parent was indeed come to solace the moments of his trembling solitude.—Had he paused an instant, and afforded time for the perfect awakening of all his senses, he would have discovered at once that the sounds of many feet were on the earth; but he had already passed several days without cause of alarm, and his past safety betrayed him into a false feeling of security.

The unhappy youth had not wandered beyond the spacious gardens of his home, which, rising the height behind the house, were divided into terraces along whose whole extent had been placed avenues of orange and lemon trees, planted in immense vases of red clay. Several of these, in which the plants had failed or perished, had been reversed to protect them from the weather, and one of them, dragged in the first paroxysm of terror to the mouth of an exhausted well, had served to screen the culprit from the gaze of his pursuers. But on this night, when by some extraordinary fatality he forgot for an instant the caution which had hitherto been his protection, he clambered to the mouth of the pit as he heard the coming footsteps and pushing aside the vase, sprung out upon the path.

The moonlight fell on him as he emerged from his concealment, pale and haggard; his dark locks dank with the heavy atmosphere of his hiding place, and his frame weakened by exhaustion. As he gained his foot and looked around him, his arms fell listlessly at his sides, and his head drooped upon his breast. He had no longer either strength or energy to wrestle with his fate; and he put his hands into the grasp of the armed men among whom he stood, and suffered himself to be lead away from the home of his boyhood, and the clasp of his shrieking mother with the docility of a child.

The trail followed close upon the discovery of the lover. There was no hope for the wretched pair. Against them appeared the Imaum, stern, uncompromising, and circumstantial—the furious husband, callous as marble—the faith which had been disregarded—society which had been scandalised. For them there were none to plead, save the gray-haired and widowed mother who wept and knelt to save her only son; but who asked his life in mercy and not in justice. Alas! it only remained for them to die.

It was at this period that my friend the ——, first became connected with the affair. The family of the condemned woman, knowing his influence with the government, flung themselves at his feet and implored his interference. They expatiated on the beauty of the misguided Fatima—on the want of affection on the part of the husband—on the personal qualification of him whom she loved—they left no theme untouched; and he became deeply interested in her fate, and resolved that while a hope remained he would not abandon her cause. But he was fated to plead in vain; every Turkish breast beat high with indignation that a vile Greek should supplant a true believer; my friend urged, supplicated, and besought unheeded; and at length found himself unable to adduce another argument in her behalf.

When reluctantly convinced of the fact, he discovered that through his exertions to save her life his feelings had become so deeply enthralled by the idea of the miserable woman, that he resolved to endeavor to see her ere she died; and he was startled by the ready acquiescence that followed his request, as well as by the terms in which it was couched. "We shall visit her at midnight, to acquaint her officially with the result of the trial," was the answer, "and should you think proper you may accompany us; for you will have no further opportunity of indulging in your curiosity."

Under these circumstances he did not hesitate; and a few minutes before midnight he was at the door of the harem in which she had resided since her removal from her husband's house. The officers of justice followed almost immediately; and it struck him as they passed the threshold, that they were in greater number than so simple an errand appeared to exact but as he instantly remembered that others might feel the same curiosity as he himself, and profit by the same means of gratifying it, he did not dwell upon the circumstance.

All was hushed in the harem; and the fall of their unslippered feet awoke no echo on the matted floor. One solitary slave awaited them at the head of the stairs, and he moved slowly before the party with a lamp in his hand, to the apartment of the condemned woman.

She was sleeping when they entered. Her cheek was pillowed upon her arm, and a quantity of rich dark hair which had escaped from beneath the painted handkerchief that was twisted about her head, lay scattered about her pillow.—She was deadly pale, but her eyebrows and the long silken lashes which fringed her closed eyes, were intensely black, and relieved the pallor of her complexion; while her fine and delicate features completed as lovely a face as ever the gaze of man lingered on. At times a shuddering spasm contracted for an instant the muscles of her countenance—the terrors of the day had tinged her midnight dreams; and at times she smiled a fleeting smile, which was succeeded by a sigh, as if, even in sleep, the memory of past happiness was clouded by a pang.

But her slumber was not destined to be of long continuance; for the principal individuals of the party, suddenly bending over her, grasped her arm, and exclaimed, "Wake, Fatima, wake; we have tidings for you!"

The unhappy woman started, and looked up; and then hurriedly concealing her face in the coverlets, she gasped out, "Mashallah! What means this? What would you have with me that you steal upon me in the dark? Am I not a Turkish woman? And am I not uncovered?"

"Fear nothing, Hanoum," pursued the official; "we have tidings for you which we could not delay."

"God is great!" shrieked the unhappy one, raising herself upon her pillow. "You have pardoned him—"

But the generous, self-forgetting prophecy was false. In the energy of her sudden hope she had sprung into a sitting posture, and ere the words had left her lips, the fatal bowstring was about her throat.

It was the horror of a moment. Two of the executioners flung themselves upon her, and held her down—a couple more grasped her hands—a heavy knee pressed down her heaving chest—there was a low gurgling sound hushed as soon as it was heard, a frightful spasm which almost hurled the strong men from above the convulsed frame—and all was over.

At day-break on the morrow, the young Greek was led from his prison. For several days he had refused food, and he was scarcely able to drag his fainting limbs along the uneven streets. Two men supported him, and at length he reached the termination of his painful pilgrimage.—For a moment he stood rooted to the earth—he gasped for breath—he tore away his turban, and clenched his hands until the blood sprang beneath the nails. She whom he had loved was before him—her once beautiful face was swollen and livid, and exposed to the profane gaze of a countless multitude. She was before him—and the handkerchief from which she was suspended, beside the spot marked out for himself, was one which he had given her in an hour of passion, when they looked not thus to perish!

The Palace of Versailles.

The correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser writes the following description of this magnificent palace:

"I have spent several days at Versailles, which you know is 20 miles south of the city. Nothing I have yet seen in Europe has so absolutely overpowered my imagination. All the descriptions of it sink short of the reality. Probably such another monument of royal extravagance and folly does not exist on earth, and it may be safely predicted that all future time will never give its way thing comparable to it: at least it is to be hoped not. The palace and grounds have cost successive generations upward of two hundred millions of dollars; and the strongest is fairly bewildered with the gorgeous magnificence of the scene. On entering the principal edition, 680 feet in length, you wander in seemingly endless succession through hall and chamber, and cabinet and state-room, till the eye becomes weary and dazzled with their rich and gaudy decorations. No description can give you any idea of them. The chapel is a superb monument of the magnificence of Louis XIV. and the theatre, now extremely splendid, now looks as tawdry as splendor always does in decay.

A brief notice of the Salon d'Hercules will give you some idea of these apartments.—The hall is 64 feet by 50; is ornamented with 20 massive marble pilasters, standing on solid brass pedestals, and surmounted with gilded Corinthian capitals, supporting a barrelated cornice filled with various trophies. The painted ceiling, 60 feet with full length figures, represents the apotheosis of Hercules. Here are also two large pictures by Paul Veronese, which were presented to Louis XIV. by the Republic of Venice. The most valuable of the two is 14 by 13 feet, and represents the Saviour at the house of Simon the Pharisee; it contains 43 figures. The four of this fantastic apartment is a tessellated pavement of black and white marble.

The whole ground floor of the Palace is dedicated to the arts. One apartment, 30 feet wide, and near 400 long, is wholly occupied with statuary, comprising all the kings and distinguished personages of France from the 15th century to the days of Napoleon—mementoes of whom meet the eye in every direction. In one room two colossal statues represent him as Emperor, and in the centre he stands in bronze as he stood in the fields of his glory, en militaire. You enter the chapel from this floor. Here you are surrounded with emblematic paintings and scriptural imagery. The whole Heavenly Host is literally displayed on the ceiling, the Divine person being gorgeously shadowed forth in the centre!

Many of the superb paintings, marble ornaments, mirrors, tables which constituted the private rooms of Louis XVI. and his luckless Queen, still remain untouched. The gallery of Le Brun, on the second floor, is chiefly dedicated to the glory of the 14th Louis. The apartment is 217 feet in length and 30 in breadth, with a painted ceiling, illustrating the memorable epochs in this long and prosperous reign, 27 feet above the floor. The whole is lighted by 17 immense windows, the panes of which are 3 feet by 2. There are numerous portraits by last first masters, representing him through every period of life, from infancy to mature age. On certain state occasions this apartment was lighted by 20,000 wax candles, the walls being stocked with mirrors, in frames studded with a paste in imitation of diamonds, the lustre of which, added to that of the rich dresses of the old court, must have given inconceivable splendor to their assemblies.

The two small palaces called the Trianons, at some distance from the principal edifice, within the limits of the gardens, are in a state of lamentable decay. The largest, called Marie Antoinette, was built for Madame de Maintenon, and was, you know, the favorite retreat of Marie Antoinette. In that day it must have realized the poetic visions of a fairy romance. The private of the pavilions, the balustrades, and the figures of the Loves and Graces, are all executed in the finest marble, with immaculate lightness, delicacy and taste. The building is 80 feet square, and two stories above the basement. It was in this garden that Maria Louisa had her first interview with her father, after the abdication of Napoleon. The beautiful neglect English style of the garden, so charming in itself, destroys the regularity and artful order of the other grounds.

The gardens of the sumptuous palace are in keeping. The grounds contain 30 miles of meandering, comprise a park of 5 miles circuit, and various gardens and hunting grounds, laid out with distressing regularity. Innumerable statues, temples, and pavilions greet the eye in every direction, while shrubbery, parterres, artificial lakes, and fountains sending their silver sheets in the air through the mouths of huge lions' gods and seahorses, in every direction, disarray the enchanting scenery. I counted 26 lakes or sheets of water, each sending forth streams through various jets d'eau, filling the air with spray and vapor, reflecting the rich colors of the rainbow. Numerous cascades of water fall 100 feet out of the largest of the ponds. Some of the noble trees which overshadow the walks are said to be not less than a thousand old.

Some of the numerous avenues are 100 feet wide, and bronze and marble heroes, statesmen, nymphs and dryads, greet you along every path. There are upward of a thousand pieces of sculpture about the palace and grounds. There is a fine collection of plants gathered from every clime, in one orangery, an area 600 feet in length, and sixty 35 feet below the terrace in the rear of the palace. The trunks of many of the orange trees are 10 to 12 inches in diameter, and the trees are 20 feet high, the branches being heavy with the golden fruit. The very accommodating gardener pointed out to me the rarest varieties of the plants, and told us the collection comprised 20,000 specie.

The grounds are under the care of a Chevalier Bertelon, who is paid by the government: a fine-looking, affable Frenchman, who wants a rocking-horse, a shot on his breast, and a coat covered with lace. A small fee opens to you every door and apartment of the place, which is regularly inhabited only by a few gentlemen in waiting of which, for a small gratuity, will conduct you through the grounds, and explain their historical associations. Here it was, you remember, that Ladyship gallantly rescued the beautiful Marie Antoinette, when the infuriate mob rushed to the Palace, during the Revolution.

All the attractions of the place are artificial—it possesses no natural beauty. The finest view is from the court yard, in front of the palace, which is the usual resort on the first morning of Rabbi of spacious avenues leading from every point of the compass, and spreading out before you like a fan. I counted at the point of the square—each being 200 feet in width, and shielded with double rows of majestic trees. Those magnificent roads accurately lead to Paris, St. Gland, St. Denis, Fontainbleau, and St. Germain, and are paved throughout. The gates are all closed against visitors at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The solitude and silence which reign here is quite oppressive to one who has just passed from the metropolis. I never felt more disposed to moralize: the gloom and inaction of the place, united with the picture of decay and violence presented on all sides, are certainly well suited to awaken sad recollections of the uncertain tenure of human prosperity. I pictured to myself the gaudy and meretricious which once swarmed in the scene which are now so languid and solitary—the difference between Marie Antoinette retailing love to all the gallants of the court of Louis XV. and her subsequent condition in the Conciergerie, after her sentence to the scaffold. Ah! how little could Louis le Grand, surrounded with his brilliant court, have anticipated the fate of his descendants and his gorgeous palace?"

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—The new ship General Harrison, Capt. Ballard, sailed from Boston last Saturday for Calcutta. She carries out several Missionaries, belonging to the Baptist persuasion.

Saturday Evening Post.

BRITTEN AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1841.

12 TWO DOLLARS, unless the present subscriber and proprietor, shall be previously dead for the yearly period. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall never call the knife to the cheek of intemperance, or furnish nutriment for the growth of a vicious thought. With this view it will ever be firmly, and unalarmingly, virtuous in its literature, so things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—as creatures of exhalations demoralizing in tendency, and fearfully pestilential in fact.

Pay—Pay.

12 FIVE DOLLARS in advance remitted to this office, free of postage, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for three years; or for one copy of the Philadelphia Casket and two of the Post for one year.

12 SEVEN DOLLARS, in advance, will pay for two copies of the Post, and two of the Casket for one year.

12 TEN DOLLARS, in advance, will secure six copies of the Post, and six copies of the Casket for one year.

12 THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of entirely original articles, with rich engravings, and highly colored fashions. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post. The contents are ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

12 Let Subscribers, Subscribers, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank-note that they can find, and remit it by mail, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address. If

Newspapers.

We are pleased to witness, a growing impetus in the love of intellectual acquirement, and in the time, and spirit of the editorial writing of the newspapers of the United States. It is a gratify. ing indication of the progress of the nation in taste, and manners. A man who wishes to succeed as editor now, must gird up his loins, and be himself for the attack when the occasion comes. A host of ambitious and talented rivals, starting in the race around him, forbid a slumbering, lethargic, and indolent course. He must labor, or go down with the rabble, and rapidly will he be wrecked. It is well that it so. If the safety of a nation's liberty is to be estimated by the intelligence of her people, the progress of a correct taste for literature augurs well for our country, and proves that freedom is safe in the keeping of her sons. The experiences and predictions of tyrants in the old world must prove false, and hollow, while men of principle and ability control the press of this country. That if the fastitious which are afforded on every hand, and afforded to all, for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and sound principles, should be prostituted by the designing or the profligate, the very means which providence has ordained for the security, and preservation of the nation, will be converted into its greatest curse. We had almost said, that the editors of a country are responsible for the tone of its morals. They are the great instructors of the multitude, and in their hands in a great degree is its destiny.

Next to a scandalous profligacy in morals and principle in conducting a paper, there is nothing more reprehensible than the attempt to elevate the character of your subject, ignorant, narrow-minded we of a trashy and diluted sheet, by the exaggerated notice of one who has a right to live in the world but upon permission, and not as an editor or publisher upon any terms. He thinks that a few lines of puff in the newspapers is enough to suppose that he occupies in the public eye, must be affected, if any one beside him is permitted to exist; and public opinion will be duly pretentious, he imagines, that the progress of a away in a strain of as much importance as if he had survived a charter from indulgent Heaven to supply the world with edification. Such are the literary makes any remark in the way of his business, he supposes that when the arrow left the string it was aimed at him, and is under the melancholy spectacle:—Such men deserve the pity, while they are sure to receive the universal contempt of their intemperance. They are of all men avoided and despised.

There is a pleasure in being associated in a profession with men of honor and high-bred courtesy, who are as incapable of a mean action as they are of wrongfully applying the actions of others, and we are proud to say, that this as prevalently true with the body of editors in this city. Their intercourse with each other is characterized by a high regard for each others feelings, and even the asperity of party strife is usually used, and occasionally a severe rebuke is given, and the advantage disregarded, that the gentleman may not be sacrificed, and the proper courtesies of friendship and social life excluded. This is as it should be. It gives a dignity to the profession, perpetuates a lofty example, and gives a health. ful glow to society which is much coveted, and cultivated among your brawling editors, half savage, half civilized, who bark and bare the teeth, instead of each other with a fair fight, and with as much pleasure as of the action with meritorious, instead of being disgraceful.

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The Fine Arts.

The Artists' Fund Society.

The exhibition of the Society, in their new hall on Chestnut above Tenth street, still continues to attract crowds of visitors. The evening however, appears to be the favorite time for visiting it, although the pictures do not appear so well, as in the glare of the day. They do in the mellower light of the day. A late stroll through the rooms enables us to speak more at large of the pictures than we could formerly. Still, however, we shall only allow us to notice the choicest of the piece.

No. 10. *Stag Hunt*, in Mexico, by Meglie.—This is a beautiful thing by an Italian artist. It is so well executed as to deceive all who do not examine it closely. It is a fair specimen of that wonderful art, now carried to such high perfection in Rome, by which the *chef de oeuvre* of Raphael, Angelo, Guido, Da Vinci, and the other masters, can be perpetuated to modern days, long after the originals have rotted from the canvas.

No. 24. *Portrait of a Lady, by R. Peale.*—The Leicester Gallery in the room. Not being an original, we can confidently say, been flattered. There is a sweetness in the expression of that countenance which haunts us even yet, and scenes of the moment at times like bright forms in some long forgotten dream.

No. 25. *Portrait of a Child, by T. Sully.*—If we mistake not, this is an old favorite. Has it not been in Mr. Earle's gallery for years?

No. 36. *Portrait of Rev. Dr. Bethune, by R. Peale.*—Like the last of this painter's pictures, is finished with elaborate skill. It is a fine painting, though the details are not yet completed.

No. 38. *The Old Story, by W. S. Mount.*—This artist is already celebrated in a fine sense, for his delineation of the every day scenes in the present picture is a choice production. The story, pipe, however, in the centre, ought not to reach to the top, thus cutting the picture, apparently, in half. The arrangement of the figures, the attitudes of the figures, and the disposition of the, light and shade, are all admirable. The same may be said of another picture, entitled "The Rival Candidates," and a companion piece, called the "Successful Picture," and numbered on the catalogue fifty-nine.

No. 43. *Portrait of Judge Baldwin, by J. R. Lambdin.*—An excellent picture. Mr. Lambdin's style is rich, however, so perceptible here as to offend of his pieces.

No. 67. *W. E. Burton as Gilgood, by H. Inman.*—A good likeness, and a better picture. Mr. Inman has no other piece equal to it in the Hall.

No. 70. *The Ghost Story, by G. H. Cramphin.*—This is in a fine composition. Nature and life in the figures, and the disposition of the light and shade, are all admirable. The same may be said of another picture, entitled "The Rival Candidates," and a companion piece, called the "Successful Picture," and numbered on the catalogue fifty-nine.

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No. 88. *Portrait of John S. Du Solle, by G. W. Conarroe.*—A perfect likeness—an excellent picture. The poet is represented holding a pen, and looking out toward you, as if musing what he was about to write. As a picture, it is a fine piece. The coloring is peculiarly fine. There is a poetry around the whole, which is always a characteristic of Mr. Conarroe's pencil. He is more for his reputation than any thing else.

No. 105. *Cattle Piece, by Carl Anne.*—One of the best pictures, in its way, contained in the exhibition. The cattle stand well from the canvas. But there is no effect, if we may so speak, in the landscape. Distant the pasture of the animals, and the hill on which it is supposed to rise.

No. 111. *The Wanderer, by W. T. Smith.*—One of the best pictures we ever saw from the hand of the artist. He is the most successful artist in our city excels him in giving effect to his pieces; for he never paints a landscape without a design to exist; and public will be duly appreciative, he imagines, that the progress of a fastitious which are afforded on every hand, and afforded to all, for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and sound principles, should be prostituted by the designing or the profligate, the very means which providence has ordained for the security, and preservation of the nation, will be converted into its greatest curse. We had almost said, that the editors of a country are responsible for the tone of its morals. They are the great instructors of the multitude, and in their hands in a great degree is its destiny.

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Scotch plaids of ribbon, velvet, plain, or opaque, checked, plain ground, or varied by a showy flower, or two flowers. Velvet ribbon, set on the side, tied in a rosette with long ends, forms a pretty ornament at the throat.

Flounces are finally to remain in favor this summer; they will be worn on the ends of silk scarfs, and round cambrics and Barège shawls, the latter materials again appearing; very large silk scarfs will be worn at the commencement of the season, without being trimmed with fringe; but as soon as they become common, it is expected lace will be again resorted to. A great many square cashmeres are worne just now, green or blue, with large pines on a plain ground, fastened in front by a brooch, for which purpose coral is very fashionable.

New Publications.

"A DESCRIPTIVE OF THE CANALS AND RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES, *Comprehending Notices of all the Works of Internal Improvement throughout the several States*," by H. S. Tanner, *Philadelphia*, New York: *J. H. Tanner, and J. Disturnell.*—This work should be in the hands of every American reader. It embodies a vast amount of useful and valuable information, and is free from all dullness. It is not a mere summary of the successive acts of the various Legislatures, but a condensation of reports of Canal Commissioners and Superintendents of public works, but it is a liberal, bold and comprehensive view, not only of the improvements themselves, but of their influence upon the commerce, and the prosperity of the people. All the great improvements of the day, are correctly laid out before the eye, by means of a fine map, and their uses are connected with the work, and materially aid the reader in grasping the details of the various branches discussed. It is worth the room on the shelves of a library of fifty trashy novels. The work is for sale in this city at the store of Mr. Tanner, 32 South Sixth street.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, by *Charles Dickens, Esq.*—No. 2. *Lee & Blanchard.*—This number contains Nos. three and four of the London weekly edition. Lee & Blanchard have obtained issuing the work on every other Wednesday, thus furnishing two of the English numbers in a book. The work is filled with wood cuts.

No one, with any critical acumen whatever, can fail to perceive the vast inferiority of this number to the first. Perhaps the last was premature if it were not unfair to judge of a work by such a small portion as some forty pages of it, we should unhesitatingly pronounce it so. Master Humphrey's Clock to be a complete failure.

INSANITY OF BOZ.—There is no foundation for the report pretending to come from a London paper, of April 3d, that Mr. Dickens, the celebrated author, had become insane. Letters have been received from him to April 12th, and printed in the last number of Master Humphrey's Clock, the eager attention of the listeners, and we all rejoiced at the joy they looking accomplished not to be surprised. The article was copied into morgue, however, is always bad, as it too often is the offspring of haste. But in later of accessing a subject, few writers, old or young, can surpass him.

No. 100. *The Country Girl, by T. Sully.*—The composition is after a well known style, as fascinating as she is fair, attracts every eye. It is the most beautiful, as No. twenty-four is the most lovely face we have seen. As a picture, it has few equals. The coloring is peculiarly fine. There is a poetry around the whole, which is always a characteristic of Mr. Sully's pencil, and more for his reputation than any thing else.

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THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The new school body convened on Thursday morning in the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. E. Dickinson, D. D. the Moderator of last year presided the session.

The Rev. Mr. Murray was elected Moderator, and Henry A. Rowland temporary Clerk.

The old school body convened in the Seventh Presbyterian Church at the head of Randolph street, on Thursday morning. The Assembly opened with a sermon by the Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, D. D. of Cincinnati, Ohio, the Moderator of the last Assembly.

The Rev. Wm. M. Engles was elected Moderator, and Rev. Sylvester Scovel temporary Clerk.

The Rev. Mr. Murray of the Presbyterian Mission.—The Society assembled on Tuesday evening at the Rev. Dr. Bethune's Church. The meeting was cheering to every friend of religion or morality of whatever sect. The utmost unanimity characterised the proceedings. The Rev. Messrs. Coleman and Mitchell, of the Episcopal Church, the Rev. Mr. Bigler, of the Methodist Church, and the Rev. Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church, were the principal speakers. The meeting was very full.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DUCHAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The meeting took place on Thursday evening, in the First Presbyterian Church. The exercises were unusually interesting. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Forbes, Williams, Kirk, Talbot, and Dale, and resolutions in favor of the cause of Sunday Schools. Many persons with a Bible, and every child with a Testament.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON WHITE PRAYER BOOK SOCIETY.—A very interesting meeting of this society took place on Thursday evening at St. Andrew's Church. Addresses were made by the Right Rev. Bishop Kemper, Rev. Mr. Odenheimer and others.

Financial Record.

NEW ORLEANS BANKS.—The following condensed statement of the Banks of this city, made on the 4th of May, 1840, we copy from the U. S. Gazette, viz:

New Orleans Canal and Banking Company,
Carrollton Railroad and Banking Company,
Citizens' Bank of Louisiana,
Commercial Bank of New Orleans,
Consolidated Association,
Exchange and Banking Company,
Gas Light and Banking Company,
Improvement and Banking Company,
Bank of Louisiana,
Louisiana State Bank,
Mechanics' and Traders' Bank,
Atchafalaya Bank,

Capital paid up,	$41,703,509
Circulation out of Louis,	45,730,427
Domestic bills and bank notes of other States held by the banks	2,977,509
Bills of Banks in other States,	2,977,509
do. do. in Banks in other States,	1,799,664
do. from foreign bankers,	881,926
do. to foreign bankers,	61,703
do. to local banks	717,370
do. from local banks,	735,569
Deposits,	2,994,440
Dividends unclaimed,	12,000
Individual deposits, exclusive of 1,360,671 held by 14 city banks,	4,743,129
Specie in the vaults,	2,273,230
Capital given to other states,	1,000,000
Liabilities other than those expressed,	$ 494,904
Amt. of their loans exclusive of specie,	4,993,780
Amt. of their loans on real estate,	1,000,000
Real Estate owned by the banks,	1,000,000

CANAL COMMISSIONERS.—The Board of Canal Commissioners have made a report to the Senate, under the resolutions of a resolution of that body passed 17th April last, directing the Canal Board to publish contracts on the North Branch and Line Extension of the Pennsylvania Canals, and the Portage Railroad, and to avoid all the Inclined Plane at Columbia, and of the appropriations made by the acts of the 9th of February, 1837, and 1st of April, 1840, and the amount of retained per centage. The following is the amount of the appropriations made by the acts of said last

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

[illegible] per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance [illegible] six months.

[illegible] Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed [illegible]. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names [illegible] initials.

[illegible] letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment of our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. [illegible] should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed [illegible], as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Business Department.

To Postmasters and Subscribers.

We request that Postmasters and subscribers when [illegible] order a discontinuance will give the *legal written notice*. A paper returned and marked "*refused*" is no notice [illegible] the law, and will receive no attention at our hands. [illegible] is impossible for us to find the post town at which a paper is received by the mere return of the paper, and it [illegible] in every case of discontinuance be given as well as [illegible] name of the subscriber. We are imperious in this matter. tf

[illegible] AGENCY.—Mr. C. W. James our agent at Cincinnati, [illegible] is authorized to appoint sub agents. Our Western [illegible] subscribers who do not remit by mail can pay their subscriptions into his hand. His office is on Harrison street, [illegible] first brick house east of Broadway.

[illegible] T. C. MILLER, Esq. is our agent for the Saturday Evening Post and the Philadelphia Casket, at Auburn, New York, and we cordially recommend him to subscribers as well as to persons wishing to subscribe to either [illegible] paper or the Magazine at that place.

[illegible] NEW YORK SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. Wm. M. Christy is [illegible] on a collecting tour through the State of New York, [illegible] will pay our subscribers a visit. We hope that they [illegible] be prepared to receive him.

[illegible] NOTICE.—DELAWARE AND MARYLAND.—Mr. Richard [illegible] Smith is now on a collecting tour for us through the [illegible] of Delaware and Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Our subscribers will please be prepared with [illegible] faces, and the ready change to welcome him.

[illegible] NEW ORLEANS.—Messrs. John F. Cubbs & Co. Periodical Booksellers, 13 Exchange Place, are the only [illegible]

City News.

THE CASE OF JAMES WOOD.—In the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on Wednesday morning, the case of James Wood was called up. The Attorney General, C. Wallace Brooke, Esq., stated to the Court, that he had visited the prisoner in his cell in Moyamensing, and had found him perfectly calm and composed, and that too even when subjects the most calculated to excite him were touched upon, for instance, the mentioning the name of Peake, for whom he expressed no other feelings than those of the most sovereign contempt, saying, that he did not consider him worthy of his revenge.

The Attorney General further stated, as the result of his investigation, that he believed the prisoner to be sane, and was entirely willing to leave the matter of his release from prison to the Court; who agreed to take the three sureties in $6,000 each, which had been proffered. The prisoner as soon as released will be taken out of the State. His sureties are all men of property and the most respectable standing.

MR. MCMICHAEL'S LECTURE.—The Germantown Telegraph speaking of Morton McMichael's lecture on Saturday in that place, says it was one of the most splendid intellectual efforts ever listened to, and that a community, whose literary tastes could not relish *such* an entertainment, must, indeed, be buried in Egyptian darkness, and for whom there can be no rescue but through a miracle.

ACCIDENT.—Wednesday afternoon, a horse, one of a pair attached to a charcoal wagon, fell into a hole in Stamper's Alley, near the corner of 3rd street, and was with difficulty extricated. The hole was full of mud, and so deep, scarcely anything but the animal's head appeared above ground. The owner came near losing him, and whoever occasioned the hole should pay the damage.

GOING A MAYING.—Four car loads of youngsters, with smiling faces, passed our office on Tuesday on a Maying frolic. The innocent little souls looked so happy we could not help envying their ignorance of evil, and their delightful disposition to look upon the sunny side of life's picture, heedless of the raw canvass that disfigures its back. Happy, happy childhood!

RIOTERS ARRESTED.—About 2 o'clock, Wednesday morning, the watch of Moyamensing arrested at a notorious den, corner of Small street and Spafford, alias Shinbone Alley, a gang of rioters, named Elizabeth Hilson, James O'Niel, Catharine Hagerty, Mary Price, Mary Owen, Susan Cole, and Owen McGaffney. They were all taken before Alderman Hoffner, and sent to prison.

A PICKPOCKET.—At the races on Tuesday, a pickpocket plunged his hand into the pocket of a Mr. Thomas Weaver, but was caught in the act and seized. A confederate attempted, by jumping on Mr. W.'s arm, to break his hold, but missed it. The *chevalier d' industrie* was given in charge of the police—whose hands becoming *greasy* shortly after, he was permitted to escape.

AFFECTING.—A woman, named Elizabeth Hamilton, having with her a little son, aged about eight years, was found on Tuesday night by watchman Blandford, in an untenanted house, out near the Schuylkill, in a starving condition. Both herself and the boy were likewise completely benumbed with cold. They were sent to the Almshouse.

A COUNTERFEITER.—A man named J. Allison, was committed on Saturday last in default of $1000 bail, by Mayor Conrad, for passing a counterfeit $10 note of the Bank of the United States, at the grocery store of John McGuire, corner of 4th and Callowhill streets.—He had attempted to pass notes of the same description at several other stores in the Northern Liberties.

THE IRON STEAMER.—The iron steamboat New Jersey, formerly the "R. N. Stockton," arrived yesterday from Bordentown. She will be used in future for towing coal barges from the Schuylkill to the Delaware side.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—On Tuesday morning, the Coroner held an inquest at a house in Willow street, near Front, on the body of a woman about thirty five years of age, named Jane Rae, who came to her death by intemperance.

FURIOUS RIDING.—A reckless fellow, while dashing up Chesnut street on Monday evening, at the rate of at least ten miles an hour, was arrested when opposite the Theatre, taken before Alderman Binns, and fined seven dollars.

FAST DRIVING.—On Tuesday morning an omnibus driver named John McGork, belonging to one of the Fairmount lines, was brought before the Mayor and fined for fast driving.

[illegible]

General News.

JUDGE LYNCH APPOINTED.—We have often heard of Judge Lynch's summary mode of trial and punishment, and it has been deprecated by almost every press of any decency in the country. What are our readers to think then, when we inform them that Governor Seward, of New York, has actually appointed *James Lynch*, to officiate in a judicial capacity in the Court of General Sessions. We will have lynch law in New York now with a vengeance.

STORM IN FAYETTEVILLE.—They had a terrible hail storm in Fayetteville, N. C. on the 9th inst. Some of the hail was as large as a man's fist. It destroyed the growing crops, and gardens, and broke twenty thousand panes of glass. Pigeons and poultry were killed, and the ground was strewed with branches of trees and disintered vegetation.

IS IT TRUE?—It is said that the Great Western, on her last passage out, ran down some vessel at sea, in the night. The vessel's bowsprit was left on board the steamer, but of her hull and the human beings on board of her, nothing was seen probably but a few bubbles that were lost in the glistening foam top that in a moment after washed in the wake of the destroyer. Poor human life!

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—On Sunday last, a fine little boy was run over by a car on the New York and Haerlem Railroad, and the child was shockingly mangled. The sufferer was picked up, and the driver and conductor, instead of exhibiting sorrow for the unfortunate act, behaved in the most outrageous and unfeeling manner. We hope they will be severely punished.

COURTEOUS ENOUGH.—Our government, to show a proper degree of courtesy, has ordered the Arabian vessel, the Sultanee, to be hauled over to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and put in thorough repair at our expense. The four guns now in her are to be taken out, and fourteen handsome carronades placed on board.

A SEVERE HURRICANE.—The town of Gallipolis, in Ohio, experienced a severe hurricane on the 3d inst. A church was thrown down, the gable ends of several dwellings torn out, some stables and other houses levelled to the ground, and much other damage effected. It lasted about half an hour.

LAKE MICHIGAN STORM.—A gale on Lake Michigan on the 3d, created much havoc. The Steamboat Champlain was driven high and dry and broken. Several schooners and sloops were deprived of their deck loads, and many seriously injured. Steamer Gov. Mason went ashore.

CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.—We find in one of our exchange papers the following cure for the tooth-ache —"Take alum and common salt, pulverise them, and mix them up in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and place it in the hollow tooth."

HURT BY A HORSE.—A horse ran away on Saturday last in New York, when attached to a cart, and dashing down Centre street, ran over a sweep, after which he turned down Reade street, and went over a little girl, fracturing her jaw, and injuring her chest very seriously.

A HORRID ACCIDENT.—The lady of Chief Justice Taney stepped into a druggist's in Baltimore to look at a beautiful flower, and passing behind the counter to approach it, fell through a trap door, fracturing one of her legs and injuring her back. She was taken home on a litter in a precarious state.

QUARREL AND MURDER.—Two men, named Bowen and Buckmaster, quarrelled about politics in Calvert county, Md. lately, when the former shot the latter with a pistol. He has been tried, and sent to the Penitentiary for four years.

HOGG IN A GARDEN.—The Boston Times says that a man named Hogg, has opened a garden in New York, and hopes he will not run loose among the flowers.—We wonder if the horticulturist would not BRISTLE up were he to read such a notice.

FIRE AT PORT CLINTON.—The grist and saw mills belonging to John Schall, Esq., situated at the gap of the Blue Mountain, above Port Clinton, Pennsylvania, were on Friday last destroyed by fire. A large amount of grain and lumber was destroyed.

AN EPISTOLARY FIGHT.—Dr. Brandreth and L. F. Tasistro, are fighting by means of letters, through the New York papers, like savages. The Dr. says Tasistro is a humbug, and T. thinks the Dr. considerably worse.

VILLAINS DETECTED.—The villains who destroyed the Brock monument have been detected. They were [illegible]

A QUEER LAW. The new law in Louisiana relative to imprisonment for debt is *rayther* a hard one.—A fellow there had better confess judgment instanter, for he can be taken and imprisoned until judgment be obtained, when he gets his release.

A VESSEL LOST.—A schooner with $20,000 in specie on board, sunk near New Orleans on the 9th, and sunk instanter. Crew and passengers barely escaped. Cargo lost. She was from Vera Cruz.

SHOT HIS SISTER.—A little boy in Richmond lately, only 3 years of age, picked up a gun his brother had laid down, and fired it off, shooting his sister in the neck. It did not kill her. She will recover.

THE RIVERS SOUTH.—The New Orleans and Vicksburg papers are full of evil forebodings from the rise of the waters in their vicinity. Great inundations and much damage are apprehended.

IT IS NOT TRUE.—A correspondent of the New York Herald denies the truth of the report that the Chinese difficulty arose from a quarrel ashore with some American sailors. He was there at the time.

TO ASSIST NATCHEZ.—We are glad to note the alacrity of the people of New Orleans, in calling meetings and collecting contributions for the sufferers of Natchez. They have noble souls at the south.

A LARGE TOW.—110 rafts of lumber were towed to Baltimore on Monday by one steamboat from Port Deposit.

A WOMAN DROWNED.—The body of a fashionably dressed woman was found in the dock at Staten Island on Tuesday morning last.

NOT SEWING SILK.—The United States Circuit Court decided on Tuesday last that silk twist is *not* sewing silk.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—On the 13th, the steamboats Corinthian and Corsican ran into each other, on the Ohio. Damage trifling.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.—They are making arrangements to rebuild this monument. The citizens of Montreal seem to be in earnest about it.

TOBACCO CHEWERS.—The St. Louis Gazette goes into a calculation to show the amount of tobacco a man chews in a life time. The editor says—"Suppose a tobacco chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life—each day of that time he chews two inches of solid plug, which amounts to six thousand three hundred and seventy-five *feet*, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, a half inch thick and two inches broad." He wants to know what a young beginner would think, if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and he were told that to chew it up would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of one thousand and ninety five dollars. We guess he would think it a pretty considerable job.

THE WINNEBAGOES.—We understand, says the St. Louis Argus of the 6th, that Gen. Atkinson has held a council with the Winnebago Indians residing on the Mississippi river, and that he is of opinion these Indians (three-fifths of the nation) will emigrate peaceably—the other two-fifths, residing on the Wisconsin, evince a disinclination to emigrate, and may probably give a great deal of trouble. The General will use every means to remove them peaceably, but is in the mean time, concentrating all the regular disposable force at Fort Crawford, to be transferred to Fort Winnebago, if coercion becomes necessary. To this must also be added a considerable volunteer force to effect the removal.

THE SEASON.—The Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register of the 6th inst. says: We do not recollect a season when vegetation generally was so forward, the first week in May, as at present. The forest leaves are fully developed, and the wild flowers are out in all their fragrance and beauty. The Chesnut Ridge, in this immediate vicinity, affords one of the most inviting fields for botanical research that we have ever seen. The grain, on the farms around us, is remarkably forward, and gives promise of an abundant harvest—the cattle are nearly up to their knees in clover—and the meadows exhibit a coverign of blade and flower, to be exceeded in richness and beauty, [illegible]

Dreadful Tornado!

NATCHEZ ALMOST DESTROYED.—On the 7th inst a tornado swept over the city of Natchez about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, carrying with it distress and destruction beyond parallel. People and houses were carried up into the air, and precipitated. Fragments of buildings, and boats and trees flew in every direction. Nearly two hundred lives were sacrificed; and at the last advices they were digging the dead bodies out from amid the ruins. Timothy Flint, the historian, and his son, and some others, were dug out alive from under a hotel. The loss is estimated at $1,960,000.

At the moment of the concussion, large masses of seeming white spray were precipitated to the earth, followed by such a roaring of the wind, as if old Eolus himself was there, guiding and directing the storm. Houses were dismantled of their roofs, and then almost immediately levelled with the earth. The air was filled with bricks and large pieces of timber—and even heavy ox carts were uplifted and thrown hundreds of yards from their original positions. About 60 flat boats lying in port were driven from shore and sunk. The ferry boats plying between Natchez and the opposite shore, capsized and sunk, and every one on board is supposed to have perished. The steamboat Hinds was capsized and sunk.—The steamboat Prairie had her cabin entirely taken off, and crew nearly all lost. The two Hotels in the city, one partly, and the other entirely blown to the ground, and almost every house more or less injured.

It is impossible to tell how many of the citizens were killed, as the streets were filled with large pieces of timber, rendering them impassable, and the work of extracting the bodies from the fallen houses was not completed, when the Vicksburg left.

THE NATCHEZ CALAMITY.—The New Orleans papers are full of accounts of this dreadful visitation. "Natchez under the Hill," as it is termed, suffered most. It presents, the "Courier" says, a scene of desolation and ruin that sickens the heart and beggars all description. A Mrs. Alexander was dragged from out the room of the Steamboat Hotel, with two children in her arms—she alive, they dead. A Mrs. Holliday was strangely saved. Her *accouchement* had only taken place a few hours before—the house she was lying in was blown down; and yet she and her infant were preserved unhurt.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION SETTLED.—We learn that the British Queen brought despatches to our government, that will probably bring about an amicable settlement of this long vexed question. The substance of them is understood to be that the award of the King of the Netherlands, which made the river St. John's the boundary between the two countries shall be the basis of the new arrangement, and that as an indemnity to Maine for any supposed rights she may possess to land north of the St. John's, the British Government shall pay her £200,000, or about half a million of dollars." We are not prepared to say that we should like such an adjustment of the matter, however anxious we may be to prevent a recourse to harsh measures, and however we should deprecate a war.—This is not the first time that England has proposed to purchase a portion of the territory in dispute; and to sell it to her now, would be to abandon our high position in the contest, and to submit to that, which a few years ago, our government treated with superlative scorn. The land is our own—we want it—we have no desire to give it away, or to sell it. Great Britain admits, by offering to purchase, our title to the ground; but she is so anxious for the possession that she will sacrifice every thing but her pride to obtain it. She should be made to sacrifice that.

SUNDAY MUSIC.—We disagree with a correspondent who signs himself A. Z., in relation to Sunday music. He thinks that it is no desecration of the Sabbath, to play light, cheerful, or gay airs upon the piano on that day; we reason differently. He says, alluding to a song he heard played on a late occasion, "it gratified me to find the dull monotony of our Sunday streets enlivened by something that did not smell of Pharisaical humbug." If this be not ironical, it is at least in decidedly bad taste. We can see no Pharisaical humbug in the attempt to preserve that kind of reverence for the day, which is so suited to serious contemplation. He adds, "how rejoiced to see even one step made towards the destruction of that miserable system of false piety which would turn a day of rational [illegible]

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

May, 1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases			
					D.	H.	M.
23 Saturday,	4 46	7 14	7 45				
24 Sunday,	4 45	7 15	8 30				
25 Monday,	4 45	7 15	9 5				
26 Tuesday,	4 44	7 16	9 50	New	1	7	5
27 Wednesday,	4 43	7 17	10 27	First	8	9	49
28 Thursday,	4 43	7 17	11 20	Full	16	8	29
29 Friday,	4 42	7 18	12 24	Last	24	8	23
30 Saturday,	4 41	7 19	1 3	New	31	2	14

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M & 5½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 9½ P. M.

MARRIED,

On Thursday, 14th inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, ROBERT W. CUSHMAN, to EMILIE C. daughter of Capt. J. Whipple.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. William Suddards, J. MAYBERRY BROOKS to EMMA, daughter of Charles Herbert, all of this city.

On Thursday, 14th inst. by John Swift, Esq. Mayor, EZRA TOWNSEND to RACHEL L. KNIGHT, both of Philadelphia county.

In this city, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Alfred Lee, WALTER BAKER, Esq. of Dorchester, (Mass.) to Miss ELEANOR JAMESON, daughter of the late Robert Williams, Esq. of Boston.

On the 14th inst. at Philadelphia, by the Rev. J. Kennaday, SAMUEL A. BARTON, M. D. of Ashton, Delaware county, to Miss RUTH A. daughter of the late Cuthbert Landreth, of Philadelphia.

In Wilkesbarre, on Tuesday morning, 12th inst. at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. William James Clark, Mr. AMOS SISTY, editor of the Wilkesbarre Advocate, to Miss MARTHA C. BETTLE, all of the first named place.

At Snowhill, Md. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. J. J. Graff, Dr. WILLIAM H. RILEY, to NANCY HANDY DUFFIELD, both of that place.

May 19th, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. JOHN BRACKENRIDGE, to Miss ANN DUNLAP, all of Southwark.

In St. Louis, on Tuesday evening, 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, JOHN C. TEVIS, late of Philadelphia, to HARRIET W. daughter of Charles K. Hall, Esq. of the former city.

On the 17th inst. by Alderman Charles Johnson, WM. CHAUNCEY NICHOL, of Kinderhook, N. Y. to Miss NANCY ALLEN, of Southwark.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 9th inst. Mr. DAVID DUNN, to Miss AMANDA GLENN, both of Norristown.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, WILLIAM MITCHELL, to EMMA JANE FARMER, all of this city.

In St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Thomas R. Lambert, Chaplain, U. S. Navy, Lieut. WILLIAM WARE BLEECKER, U. S. Navy, to Miss LUCRETIA ANN BANCKER, of this city.

DIED,

On the 12th inst. WILLIAM PILLING.

On Saturday, 16th inst. after a short and severe illness, in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. WILLIAM ANNA, wife of Dr. Lewis Roper.

On the 17th inst. ISAAC BARTRAM, Jr., in the 39th year of his age.

On Saturday evening, 16th inst. MARY CONDELL, daughter of Thomas Condell, in the 29th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, 17th inst. ANN ELIZA, wife of Rev. William S. Perkins, of Bristol, Pa. and daughter of [illegible]

[illegible]

THE OPTIC.

Variety the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Shortest for Lengthiest Love.

Hurrah! hurrah! for lengthiest love,
A fig for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!
There's care enough to darken still
Life's path wherever we roam,
Enough unbelovedly bred our ever
The festive board to stem.
Hurrah! hurrah!
The melody from the haughty brow,
And the cold magnetic heart,
May woo the shores who worship them—
The penny they cannot share.
But the world that parts the rosy lips,
And the look of serious glee,
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart.
O, that's the love for me!
Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love.
A fig for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye.

THE PENN ACTORS.—An author who was unwisely out of locals, applied to a bookseller in Saint Paul's Churchyard, for employment, who told him, that, upon receiving a specimen of his abilities, he would do something toward supporting him, as he was in a pitiful situation. "Ayes, says the author, but I would not be supported in this profession—I want to be taken out of it—and if you will give me a subject to write on, I will convince you I am worthy your esteem. "Well, what subject shall I give you?" says the bookseller. "Any subject," says the author, "*how of cheese or my wife—for I am not master of either.*"

EASTER DAY.—There was a superstition once very prevalent in England, that on Easter-day the sun danced at sunrise, an idea used as a conjecture by Sir John Suckling, in one of his verses, eulogizing a belle of the day:

She feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peep'd in and out.
As if they feared the light:
And, oh! her dainties are so wary—
No sun upon an Easter-day
Was half so fine a sight.

POETRY.—"Boy how thin you get tone!—hush', Dick—Jack's gode to write us such a trick: Hang it, I'll blow her up sky high." —Why, Tom, the pot don't run—you lie." "I say it does—why, look's here, The table's paddled all with hash—here, Said Dick, "Confound your hasty tongue, I'll make you own you're in the wrong; For can't you see, my mistaking not, The beer runs out and not the pot?"

RUSHIC.—A learned clergyman in Maine, was accosted in the following manner, by an illiterate preacher, who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose." "Yes, sir, was the reply. "I am thankful," responded the former, "that the *Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning.*" *A similar event*, replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

THE SHREWD REPLY.—The retort courteous was fully experienced by the celebrated counsellor, Jack Lee, on the northern circuit; for, being engaged in exhibiting one Mary Pritchard, of Barnsley, he began with, "Well, Mary, if I may credit what I hear, I may venture to address you by the name of Birk Mall." "Faith, may you, master lawyer," said she, "for I am always called so by the blackguards."

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Covent Garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I ax yer pardon, young lady but, if it's pleasing to ye, I'd think ye to keep away your cheek from the rose: ye'll put the lady out of conasie with the color of her flower."

LITTLE ELSE.—An attorney named Else, rather offensive in his manners, and particularly unacceptable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll. "Sencd," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogger; scoundrel; have you done so, sir?" "Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were little else!"

THE TRUTH SUCH AS MARTOM.—I shall not easily forget the earnest of which I was made to hold us of the Prince of Orange's harangue to the men of Portsmouth: "We are come," said he, "for your good, for all your goods." A universal promise," added Swift, "of all governments, but like most other truths, only told by mistake."

EPIGRAM.—Sergeant C. was of a very ruhcund countenance, and sometimes rather prolix in his arguments. On one occasion, when, in the full-dress costume of his sect, he was delivering a very long speech, a wit by his side wrote this epigram.

The sergeant speaks with face on fire.
And let us the cause not one of
His purple garment come from Tyre.
His ruggedness go to it."

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living—said the Welshman "there is no such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one breakfast in a nobleman's house." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

A POLITE HINT.—"Thomas," said a friend of the family to a footman who had been lingering about the room to show him the door. "Thomas, my good fellow, it's getting late, is n't it?" How soon will the dance come up?" "The very moment you are gone, sir," was the unequivocal reply.

SNEARING.—Profit or pleasure there is none in sneering, nor any thing in man's natural tempers to excite them to it. For though some men part out smiles as freely as if they came naturally from them, yet rarely up man is born of a sneering constitution.—Tillotson.

HINT.—We mind our glasses and our sighs up to heaven, which, after all, is nothing but the lose tongs of the *atmosphere* which surrounds our planet, which we alternately inhale and exhale. But the blue heavens look properly in the blue eye that looks up to it.

A DENTIST'S SIGN.—A mag. from the North Parade, Penzance, has the following lines from the Penzance Herald:

A dentist here makes teeth of bone,
For those whose fake has left without
And those possessed of fine teeth
By making other people's out.

SPEAKING GRAMMAR.—"Well, miss," said a knight of the leather, to "one you decline a pair?" "Yes, sir," said she, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I sam—but I hate to, most plaguily."

FERT.—A widow said one day to her daughter, "when you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the *thoughtless* little lassey, "*for the second time.*"

WITTY.—A witty gentleman of the city observing a citizen who had lost an arm, passing, said he presumed he might be called "an old hand once."

MATRIM.—"Why," said one lawyer to another, "why does Lowyer drink so much water while he is speaking?" "He is," replied the person addressed, "aiming the brandy he drank last night."

HOOK.—Your horse has a tremendous long tail," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes, said he, "it is a lot too long."

BAD PUNCTUATION.—Trying to put a stop to a woman's tongue when her "slander is fairly up."

COURTSHIP AND KISSING.

Wal, arter that, me and Susan went to saber Simmons's with Rachael, and staid a little while, and then I went home with Susan. The Deacon, as usual, managed to get asleep, between the kitchen corner and the mug of cider by the time we got home, and was making pretty considerable noise all to himself. The Mummy Rampson began to talk about Rachael the mind we got in from sleep. And from that she got talkin' about all the young folks in town, till she told all over how things used to be when she was a gal; and she told all over what she remembered about, when the Deacon first come to court her, and how she felt. It kinder made Susan blush and hang down her head, but I didn't mind it at all, I wanted to hear all about it. And then she told over how she and the Deacon used to go to meetin' on Sundays, and how the parson preached, and how they come home again. From that she followed it up, and told how the Deacon pop'd the question, and what a wonderful thing it was to say "Yes" when he asked her, and how she did say it, and how she felt. She told all over how she was married and how she felt just afore she was again' to be married, and how she felt when her poor old father put her hand into mine and how she trembled, and how she trembled, and how the parson went through with the ceremony; and what a time they had after they was married, among the sabers, and how she felt, and how she and the Deacon first commenced keepin' house, with six old chairs, and one old table, and—

The Deacon woke up just in time to hear the last about the old chairs. "They warnt old chairs," says he, "they was bran new," and then she said "she believed they was," and she and the Deacon wound up the yarn between them, and the mug of cider, by pitchin' in, and interpersing them with three times, and how much better and nicer things was then than they are now, and how they was all naterly together for five minutes ready, but it was n't much use for fun-likes in the whole five mines, and how there warnt no frolickin' and carryin, on, and stayin' out all night, and how they used to go to bed at nine o'clock, as regular as the time come round. "And as nine o'clock had come, the Deacon and Mummy Rampson followed the old rule and went to bed.

Susan and I was sittin' a good respectable distance apart, but I was for holdin' up right off, and I tayther guess I did, and let a stook of talk, and kep all the time tryin' to bring in the perpetual it, to most somehow, and Susan knew, and I give it up and come on somethin' else.—We got talkin' about saber Simonson's darter, Rachael.

"She's a ri'al scrumptious gal," says I, "a pretty considerable handsome."

"Ugh! I should think she was," says she.

"Pretty good dignee there for some chap," says I.

She didn't say nothin'. I see what the matter was, and I knowed I'd hurt her feelin's about Rachael. I went to work right off to run down Rachael and that kinder brought her around again; and I kep on for mistair'n in me a time.

"Go away now!" says she, so sulky as could be.

"Ah Susan, give me a kiss, and have done with it," says I.

"I won't! so there now, tetch me if you dare," she says. I see where the shoe pinched. It was all come by callin' Rachael "a scrumptious gal," without present'n her any. So I went to work to real earnest to pursuade her that I hadn't kin't about runnin' after Rachael, and I thort she was a great deal handsomer than Rachael any day in the year. Susan couldn't help chimin' in with me, and I reather guess Miss Rachael suffered a few, if she only knew it. It found fresh with every thing if it warnt jist so and a leetle over, and I was for comin' in on the slam breeches, and we broke out on that score clear as any gal ever was. I got hold of Susan's hand without opposition, and she looked so sweet and smilin' that I got still closer. Susan's hand (not Rachael any day) is pop the question, but I tho't mebby it would be best to put it off until next meetin' day. I waited in for a kiss.

"Oh, now I declare," says she.

"So do I," says I, and I soared in for another.

"Susan," and her hair all come down with a shower of curls over her face.

"I declare it is too bad," says she, "I never see any body so beat out in it all my life." She tried to look mad at first, but it broke out in a smile at last.

She put her hands up to fix the combs, and I fished in there more, right along on the sly, and—

"Oh! now Mr. Sprag, doh't" says she, "if you do it again I won't like it."

"I will," says I, and I made up for another—I catched it, and I guess the fun was better side up, and the laughin' out of the wrong side of the mouth; for I tell you what, I whistled for a minute or two for sartain; besides it was the most one right thinks'n I, but I'll be darned if I don't have a receipt for it. So I hauled off for a spell, and let said Susan get on talkin' again about Betty Stokes' quiltin' party, and whom'd be there, and whether we'd go or not, and says I, "Miss Susan, when are you goin' to have your quiltin' party"

"I dont know," says she "that I shall ever want any quilts."

"Why Miss Susan," says I, "how you talk."

"I'm afraid so," says she, "cause mother says the young men are very fickle minded now a days to what they used to be when there warnt so many gals to run after."

And she puckered up her mouth, and kept playin' with her fingers all the time jist as if she was afraid she should get hold of 'em again. Great was fear amongst them I should be so married, and how she felt when her poor old father put her hand into mine and how she trembled, and how the parson went through with the ceremony; and what a time they had after they was married, among the sabers, and how she felt, and how she and the Deacon first commenced keepin' house, with six old chairs, and one old table, and—

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"Go away now!" says she, so sulky as could be.

"Ah Susan, give me a kiss, and have done with it," says I.

"I won't! so there now, tetch me if you dare," she says. I see where the shoe pinched. It was all come by callin' Rachael "a scrumptious gal," without present'n her any. So I went to work to real earnest to pursuade her that I hadn't kin't about runnin' after Rachael, and I thort she was a great deal handsomer than Rachael any day in the year. Susan couldn't help chimin' in with me, and I reather guess Miss Rachael suffered a few, if she only knew it. It found fresh with every thing if it warnt jist so and a leetle over, and I was for comin' in on the slam breeches, and we broke out on that score clear as any gal ever was. I got hold of Susan's hand without opposition, and she looked so sweet and smilin' that I got still closer. Susan's hand (not Rachael any day) is pop the question, but I tho't mebby it would be best to put it off until next meetin' day. I waited in for a kiss.

"Oh, now I declare," says she.

"So do I," says I, and I soared in for another.

"Susan," and her hair all come down with a shower of curls over her face.

"I declare it is too bad," says she, "I never see any body so beat out in it all my life." She tried to look mad at first, but it broke out in a smile at last.

She put her hands up to fix the combs, and I fished in there more, right along on the sly, and—

"Oh! now Mr. Sprag, doh't" says she, "if you do it again I won't like it."

"I will," says I, and I made up for another—I catched it, and I guess the fun was better side up, and the laughin' out of the wrong side of the mouth; for I tell you what, I whistled for a minute or two for sartain; besides it was the most one right thinks'n I, but I'll be darned if I don't have a receipt for it. So I hauled off for a spell, and let said Susan get on talkin' again about Betty Stokes' quiltin' party, and whom'd be there, and whether we'd go or not, and says I, "Miss Susan, when are you goin' to have your quiltin' party"

"I dont know," says she "that I shall ever want any quilts."

"Why Miss Susan," says I, "how you talk."

"I'm afraid so," says she, "cause mother says the young men are very fickle minded now a days to what they used to be when there warnt so many gals to run arter